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St. A = D = E's

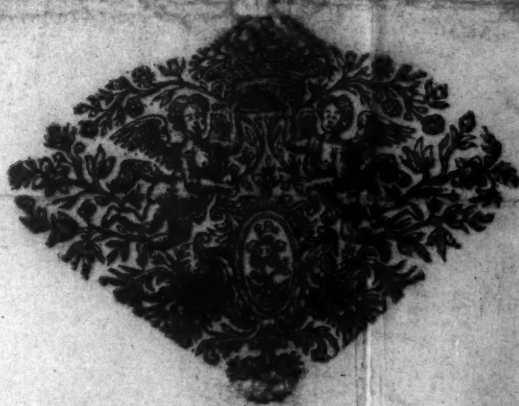
MISCARRIAGE:

OR,

A Full and True ACCOUNT

OF THE

RABBIT - WOMAN.

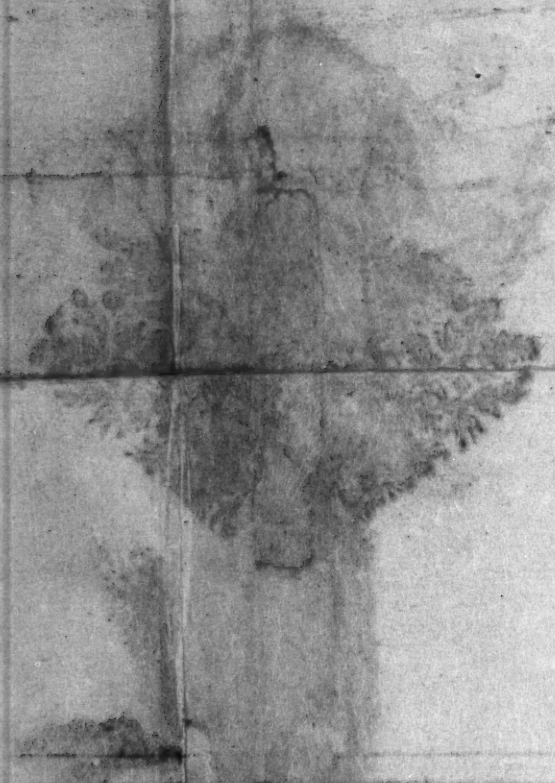


L O N D O N:

Printed for E. NUTT, and M. SMITH, at the *Royal-Exchange*; A. DODD at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*; and N. BLANFORD near *Charing-Cross*. 1727.

[Price Three-Pence.]

St. A - D - Es
MISS CARRIAGE
OF THE
A Full and True ACCOUNT
OF THE
RABBIT - WOMAN



LONDON:
Printed for E. NUTT, and M. SMITH, at the Royal
Exchange; A. DODD, at the Peacock without Temple;
Bar: and N. BLAIR, at the Charing Cross.
[Price Three-Hence.]



St. A — D — E's

MISCARRIAGE.

To the Tune of, *The Abbot of Canterbury.*

1.

PHyficians, and Surgeons, and Midwives draw near;
Maimed-women, and Widows, and Virgins give ear;
For it is of a Woman, a Woman I sing,
Who Rabbets sev'nteen from one C — — y did bring.

Derry down, &c.

2.

Monfieur *St. A-d-è*, that Anatomift rare,
Says all these fame Rabbets præternatural were;
And faith we must own there is something in that,
For the first that came out, did prove a black Cat.

Derry down, &c.

3.

'Tis strange he shou'd find out a Cat by her Claw,
Yet not see that *H-----d* made him the Cat's Paw;
Tho' I rather think he knew Pufs by her Gut,
Which he for a String on his Fiddle had put.

Derry down, &c.

4.

The Sympathy, Good Folks, is wond'rous to speak,
As he touch'd his Fiddle, the Woman did squeak,
Which has put our poor Surgeon in such a sad Pet,
'Tis fear'd his own Guts will to Fiddle-strings fret.

Derry down, &c.

5.

Such Pangs, such Convulsions, such Gropings before,
Were never endur'd by honest Woman or Whore;
For as sure as *St. A-d-e* was poison'd, not clapp'd,
The Bones of a Rabbet in her *Uterus* snapp'd.

Derry down, &c.

6.

He dissected, compar'd, and distinguish'd likewise
The Make of these Rabbets, their Growth, and their Size;
He preserv'd them in Spirits, and---- a little too late,
Preserv'd (*Vertue sculp.*) a neat Copper-Plate.

Derry down, &c.

Tho'

7.

Tho' so good a Design the Discovery marr'd,
 Yet industrious *St. A-d-e* deserves a Reward;
 But instead of the Copper engrave him in Brass,
 And take the Impression from his own modest Face.

Derry down, &c.

8.

The Woman (G-d bless her) a mere simple Tool,
 Was more Fool than Knave, *H-d* more Knave than Fool;
 But the K - - g' knows *St. A-d-e* to be twice upon Oath,
 A due Composition of Knave and Fool both.

Derry down, &c.

9.

'Tis monstrous a Woman such a Cheat shou'd pretend;
 'Tis monstrous two Surgeons such a Cheat shou'd befriend;
 But the Monster of Monsters, beyond Comprehension,
 Is that they expected a monstrous Pension.

Derry down, &c.

10.

From *Godlamin* to *Guilford*, from *Guilford* they brought
 The Woman to *London*, Rabbet-quick, as they thought;
 To a *Bagnio* they brought her, where much money was betted,
 Where Sir *Richard* and *Molly* were damnable sweated.

Derry down, &c.

Good

But

11.

But among the fam'd Doctors there was one *Dr. Meagre*,
Most learn'd, most profound, most purblind and eager;
Foutu Fellows, he cry'd, they have, dam' it, no Skill,
Me purge her of Rabbets with one *Mercury-Pill*.
Derry down, &c.

12.

Tho' some say he did a nice Forceps contrive,
To kill the good Woman, and bring the Rabbets alive;
For he had from *Paris* no Orders to save her
By *Monf. Petit*, the *French* Surgeon or Shaver.
Derry down, &c.

13.

The P--l-----t was in a terrible Stound,
Who the Members shou'd be of the Burrow new-found;
And let it be said to the Praise of this Land,
There were young Folks enough full ready to stand.
Derry down, &c.

14.

The Women, fie on 'em, do talk without Shame,
Nor scruple, in *Latin*, to mention that same;
And shortly intend to get Figures in *China*
Of the *Diaboli Morsus*, and eke the *Vagina*.
Derry down, &c.

Good

15.

Good Midwives, alas! your Trade is undone,
 Dame Nature's Recesses are secret to none;
 And a Girl of fifteen knows so much of the Matter,
 She'll deliver herself without all that Clatter.

Derry down, &c.

16.

The Counties of *Suff-lk* and *Norf-lk* complain
 That the Gentry at C—s shou'd take such Disdain;
 The Poulterers cry out from every Stall,
 G-d Rabbet the Woman, *St. A-d-è* and all.

Derry down, &c.

17.

St. A-d-è, Sir *Richard*, who have made all this Pother,
 What wou'd ye not give these Rabbets to smother?
 But since no more Rabbets are sold, it is meet
 That a Ballad at least shou'd be sold thro' the Street.

Derry down, &c.

F I N I S.

15.

Good Midwives, alas! your Trade is undone

Dame Nature's Recesses are secret to none;

And a Girl of Sense knows so much of the Matter,

She'll deliver herself without all that Chatter.

Duty done, &c.

16.

The Countess of Suffolk and Norfolk complain

That the Gentry at Court should take such Diligence;

The Posters cry out from every Stall,

Good Rabbits are wanted by all.

Duty done, &c.

17.

What would ye not give these Rabbits to smother?

What since no more Rabbits are sold, it is meet

That a Ballad at least should be sold thro' the Street.

Duty done, &c.